

The Mirror

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 817.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1837.

[Price 2d.]



THE COURTS OF LAW, OR FOUR COURTS,
DUBLIN.

Few cities of its size can boast of a greater number of magnificent and useful buildings than Dublin. Through its main body runs the river Liffey — its aorta of health ; — across it are thrown eight handsome bridges, and on its banks are reared some noble structures.

Of the latter, the edifice known as "the Four Courts," presents a fine specimen. This very sumptuous pile is situated on the north bank of the Liffey, and between Richmond Bridge and Whitworth Bridge. Surveyed from the quay, on the southern bank of the river, the façade presents an object of considerable magnificence ; although the design, as regards symmetry and general effect may, perhaps, be deemed liable to some objections.

This building "comprises the four courts of judicature, and the principal law offices. Previously to the year 1695, the four law courts were separate and ambulatory ; but, in that year they were assembled under one roof, and the building in which they were appointed to be held was situated in Christchurch-lane, a crowded and inconvenient part of the ancient city. The present building was commenced under the direction of

Mr. Thomas Cooley, in 1776. That architect lived to complete the western wing only, and the remainder of the edifice was finished under the care of the able architect of the Custom-house, Mr. James Gandon.

"The whole ground-plan of this noble fabric and its dependent offices, forms an oblong rectangle, of about 440 feet in length, and 170 feet in depth. The central pile, which is 140 feet square, contains the courts of judicature. On the east and west are courtyards, shut from the street or quay by a screen, perforated with circular arches ; and on the sides of these courts are placed the law-offices.

"The central front presents a splendid portico, the pediment of which is sustained by six Corinthian columns, and is surmounted with statues of Moses, of Justice, and of Mercy. Over duplicated pilasters, near the two extremities of the front, are statues, in a sitting attitude, representing Wisdom and Authority. Above the whole rises a lofty dome, encompassed by columns, with interspersed perforations for windows. It has been truly objected that this part of the building is of dimensions too extensive for its character and situation. A writer of

accurate taste, (Sir R. C. Hoare,) observes that its proportions as a detached temple would be more just: viewed from the opposite side of the river, the over-massive proportions of the dome and colonnade tend to lessen and injure those of the beautiful portico beneath, to which they should be only secondary.

"In the arrangement of the interior, simplicity and magnificence are blended with a happy refinement of art. Within the square outline of 140 feet, which we have previously noticed as the dimensions of the building, is placed a circular hall, sixty-four feet in diameter; and in the angles of the square are formed the *four courts*, namely, the courts of chancery, king's bench, exchequer and common pleas. The hall is surrounded by columns of the Corinthian order. Above the entablature is an attic pedestal, embellished with eight sunk panels, and in the panels over the entrances into the courts is sculpture in bas-relief, representing, 1st, William the Conqueror, promulgating the Norman laws; 2nd, King John, in the supposed act of affixing his signature to Magna Charta; 3rd, Henry the Second, receiving the Irish chieftains; 4th, James the First, abolishing the Breton laws. From the attic springs the dome, between the windows of which are eight colossal statues, in alto relievo, emblematical of liberty, justice, wisdom, law, prudence, mercy, eloquence, and punishment. The frieze over the windows contains medallions, charged with the representations of eight eminent legislators of antiquity; and the remainder of the dome is enriched with mosaic work. The whole of the four courts are of equal dimensions, and are formed on a judicious plan."

How many inspiring names are associated with this locality—though the building is of modern date—is thus pleasantly related in a recent work:—"How many faces of lawyers, priests, and Aldermen," says the reminiscient, "have I met in the course of the forty years that I have perambulated these flags (of the Courts.) Here have I almost trembled under the glance of Black John Fitzgibbon, the stern chancellor, as rapidly and solitarily, even though jostling through the crowd, he passes on towards his residence in Ely-place—there is something in his pocket that has the form of a pistol, which evinces that he is fearlessly yet apprehensively prepared, and which all the world knows he would use, and could use. Here have I met Big Bully Egan, and Little Philpot Curran, bandying jokes at each other as they passed along—and Henry Grattan, striding like Ponce in his seven-leagued boots, and stopping, as if he was carrying the Genius of Ireland astride on his shoulder."

* Brewer's Beauties of Ireland, vol. I, p. 79-81.

ders. Here I have recognised that soul of merriment, Ned Lyssagh, and that mighty and masterly-minded man, Lord Velverton,—I have seen them go, just under King William, across towards the Parliament House, and as they ascended the steps of the colonnade have heard the whoeblocks and link-boys, and all the idling rattle of Dublin, passing their rough, and shrewd, and often witty comments on the life and character of those eminent men as they entered the National Building.

SONNET

ON A LONELY CHAPEL IN THE WOODS.

SECLUDED from the world, this rural shrine
Has not been chosen by our sires in vain;
We get memories of their faith remain
In the dim aisle and on the pictured pane.
The shields and scutcheons that adorn the walls
Triumphal relics of the times of old;
Woe the rich sunshine as its glory falls
On Sculpture's forms insensate and cold.
The fervid hopes which kindled in the heart
Of rapt Devotion, as she knelt and pray'd
With hallow'd eyes, and tremous daisy'd
From the deep gloom of voiceless ages start;
And e'en the chisel'd marble seems to smile
As the lone wanderer trends the silent aisle.—C. G.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF AN OFFICER IN INDIA.

A Madras list of Mail Vellors, April 7th, 1833.

Marching.
MARCHES, in this country, are not so fatiguing as you imagine:—it is customary to send all the baggage, &c., off, except tents and beds, to the next halting-place, between four and five o'clock, P.M., of the preceding day. Next morning, you must be up by four, and whilst quaffing a bowl of coffee, your tent is struck, packed, strapped on bullocks, and started; you then mount your horse, set forward en route, and amuse yourself with shooting, or, if the country be open, a fox can be tried: but shooting is, in my opinion, preferable to hunting; because one may always beat in the direction of the halting-place, and what is shot assists to furnish your dinner; whereas, running a fox may take the traveller far out of his route, and when he is killed, he cannot be eaten. We find it indeed advisable to delay by a little sporting, our arrival at the halting-place so early as we might reach it, if we pleased; for we thereby avoid the miseries of a tent unstruck,—of servants hurried and frightened, by our inopportune appearance, into doing things by halves, of crows and fidgety feelings whilst waiting for breakfast, and when it is pronounced ready,—of cold, weak tea, and of yesterday's meat, and this morning's eggs, bread, and curry coming in at long

† From the Dublin Penny Journal, decidedly one of the best periodicals of its class, and not a whit inferior to any London contemporary. With such claims to public encouragement, we have been contented to hear of its discontinuance.

intervals, instead of all together. Again, when we do arrive, we gain a smiling welcome from Mooton, who displays his white masticators in a grin of delight, that—"Master come—he find every thing ready—and never make angry;" the good-natured simpleton never dreaming, meanwhile, that master has purposely loitered on the road, to give him time for his preparations. Some officers who neither enjoy riding, hunting, nor shooting, travel in palanquins; some make themselves comfortable enough, who can afford two sets of tents and servants; and others render themselves as uncomfortable and unhappy as possible, by hurrying forward at a prodigious rate, reaching the rendezvous long before any body or any thing can possibly be ready for their reception; and then, having nothing to do, sit under a tree, if they can find one, and fall to abusing the place, the people, the system, &c.; concluding with the discovery that they are the most wretched of human beings!

"Well!—grumblers there are, and will be, I suppose, of every rank and station, all over the world, and so long as the world endures; but there is no grumbler like your thoroughly idle man."

H. C. B.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR. A Pandwar Village.

I promised in my last to tell about a deserted village, some five miles from Chittoor, and which I visited previous to quitting the place. I had heard an imperfect account of it, from a gentleman in the Company's civil establishment, who had visited it five years before, and who spoke of it as a spacious burying ground; but, from his description, as I was led to believe it the village, or the remnant of a village, belonging to an extinct race called Pandwar, of whom there is no known history or tradition. They are supposed generally to have been outcasts, and "dwellers apart," even from each other; whilst the style in which their solitary houses, here and there remaining, are built, well calculated for self-defence, seems to prove "that their hands were against every man, and every man's hands against them."

Now, the opportunity of seeing a village of these presumed, solitary outcasts, was not to be lost; so I started one day with a friend on horseback, taking with us our horsekeepers, and a man by way of guide, whom with difficulty we had hunted up in Chittoor, and who had been near enough to the place, a few years before, to have a "sort of recollection, that he had heard there was an old village in ruins, somewhere in the neighbourhood, built of slabs of stone." Our own information was about as satisfactory as this; nevertheless, confiding to this sorry guide a basket of provisions, he proceeded, and we followed him, till we reached a modern village, as far as we could judge, close

to the one we sought. Here our guide followed made a dead halt, "knowing nothing more," in either real or pretended ignorance, from superstition, or from fear that the people of this hamlet would annoy him, for having brought Europeans to it, out of the line of the high road, which was three miles off. I have met with these sudden, stand-still losses of memory in guides before, and am unable satisfactorily to account for them; though always, in India, I know how to act. If one man doesn't choose to suit you, another may; and I've always been able to get on by opposing a little cunning to Indian superstition, cowardice, or craft. In this instance, we pressed into our service a strange man who was hovering about us from the modern location, and obtained our point by a *detour* something like the following, which, as a specimen of the manner in which we are obliged to deal with "untutored Indians," I give.—Well knowing beforehand, that if the question concerning the situation of the Pandwar ruins was put to him direct, he would endeavour to mislead us, and send us back from whence we came, by the shortest cut,—I commenced thus:—

"Who are you? What's the name of this village?"—"I? I am a very poor man, sir, a *Shikarree*," (literally, a hunter; though, in spite of the game not being preserved here, poacher would give the English reader a nearer translation of the word, by best expressing the style of a *Shikarree's* hunting.)—"What does the gentleman want with me? What does he do here?"

"We all came out to-day to hunt, and learn that there is plenty of game at this village."—"No, sir—not at this village—at the next."

"But I was at the next village, the other day; and there the people told me, that here, towards that plain and those hills, I should find much game."

"Ay, true, on that plain, at the foot of the hills, there's good hunting, from a quail to a tiger."

"I don't want to shoot tigers to-day; that old, uninhabited Pandwar village, which lies under those hills, I believe, must be full of them.—I want go there."

"Oh, no! the village you mean lies about ten minutes' walk in that direction," (pointing).—"Does it? Then show us the way to it; for I've changed my mind, and mean to go."

The *Shikarree*, thus fairly caught in the trap he had helped us to lay for him, accordingly conducted us to the object of our ramble, much wondering what could induce two Europeans to ride so far in the sun, to see a village deserted and in ruins, with only a couple of houses standing whole, or nearly so; and which, for aught he knew, had been built fully a hundred years ago; (this ex-

pression means so long back; that neither the speaker nor his father know when; and therefore implies any era between the creation of Adam and the birth of his posterity.)

Except these two houses, there really was nothing to see; no well—a singular thing at an Indian settlement—unless time or some misadventure had filled it up, and not a tree; the plough too, had been over some parts of the ground, just turning to avoid masses of rock, which have not yet been all cleared away. There is only one small reservoir for water, now quite dry, about six feet deep, and twenty square; the bed of a river, it is true, lies about a quarter of a mile off, but that is far to go for water in this climate. The houses are certainly curious, their four sides being each one slab of granite, three or four inches thick, and about five feet high; there are no windows, but one round hole for a door; the roof of each is an immense slab of granite, not only covering the square chamber, but projecting at least three feet over the sides, so as to form a veranda, or covered passage, round about the house, by being built up to, (on the sides,) by small, granite slabs, or tiles, carelessly fitted, and, (at the gable ends,) by two immense, whole granite slabs, towering far above the roof of the house, and rounded at the top, like giant's gravestones. The measurement of the largest house standing, was:—

The Chamber - 12 feet by 13 square
Walls - 4 feet high
Roof-slab - 15 feet broad, 17 long
Gable-slab (each) 13 feet from top to bottom,
10 do. broad

leaving an entrance of a foot wide, at each corner, to the veranda, or covered passage, around the house. The remaining edifice of this very singular construction is, except in height, two or three feet smaller every way; one of the walls had been broken and carried off, which made it both airy and light; here we partook of the refreshments we had brought with us, and then returned home well pleased with our excursion. In a few years, nothing will remain of these curious buildings, as the natives are breaking the houses up, under the direction of the Bramins of a neighbouring village, and building a temple with the materials, in honour of the gods of the by-gone Pandwars. In a few years, another monstrous superstition may be grafted upon the ancient and stupendous stock of Buddhist idolatry, and may become another mystery, in that system of mysteries, not yet unravelled—(will it ever be?)—till, in a few years, the riddles of the Pandwar mythology, adopted into the accommodating creeds of Hindoostan, will be left to the ingenuity of future *Œdipuses*, in future ages, to solve. H. C. B.

The Naturalist.

THE INSECT-HUNTER IN WALDEN.

[We quote the following from Nos. 16 and 17 of the *Entomological Magazine*. The enthusiasm of the writer is delightful, and affords an excellent specimen of the pleasures of a sensitive mind, such as every ardent admirer of nature must more or less enjoy.]

I traversed the lofty ridges of the Black Mountain for the fourth time in the summer of 1835. Far as the eye could reach there was no trace of the handiwork of man, nothing but one wild, boundless waste of heather, interspersed with the bright young green of the whortleberry, the blossoms of which were the resort of myriads of bees. That fine humble bee, *Bombus regelationis*, was in tolerable abundance; and from the rapidity of its flight, and the inequalities of the ground, gave us much trouble and amusement in its capture. I should have explained that I was not now alone. I had two companions,—one the dreader of dogs, the cynophobist, the name of the other I do not care to repeat here—I will call him the grouse-shooter. The high ridges of the Black Mountain, more especially those which stretch out like promontories towards the town of Hay, are in a state of perpetual moisture. Thousands of little ponds, or maun-pits, varying from five to thirty yards in circumference, are scattered over the surface of the ground. The water is perfectly clear; but being, I suppose, strongly impregnated with iron, it stains everything immersed in it with a bright, rust-coloured tint. Each pond has generally six to eighteen inches of water, and three to five feet of the blackest mud. I took *Colymbetes collaris* in great abundance in these ponds. It was very pretty to watch them paddling about on the mud, at the bottom of the water, and rising occasionally to the surface to renew their bubble of air. So luxuriant has been the growth of the heath, *Calluna vulgaris* more especially, that the masses of it not unfrequently completely met over those little pools, hiding them from the sight; and in pursuing the rapid bees, (*Bombus*), it was by no means uncommon for one or the other of us suddenly to disappear in one of the pit-falls; and in answer to the hallow of his comrades, for—

“Though lost to sight, to memory dear,”
he would slowly emerge, dripping with wet, and plastered with mud. I found a very large female of the Emperor moth, which I mention, as proving it to be an inhabitant of these high grounds. The red grouse is a com-

dant on this mountain, and is carefully preserved; they rise with a strong and rapid whirl, stretch out the neck to an extreme length, and almost invariably utter their peculiar call when on the wing. After traversing the mountain four hours, in a somewhat southerly direction, we arrived at a rude hut, built of rough, stout stones, piled together in a most careless manner. I believe this was formerly used as a resting-place by the grouse shooters, or a refuge for them in storms, but it is now too ruinous to shelter any human being. Just below this hut rises a stream of the most delicious water, as clear as crystal; and as the grouse shooter was provided with that article commonly called a pocket pistol, containing mountain dew, we thought we could not do better than seat ourselves on some large, flat stones by the stream, and diluting the mountain dew with the mountain stream, refresh ourselves with the mixture. While seated, and quietly smoking our cigars, numbers of a small, black *Telephorus* crawled over our clothes—I believe it is *T. Ethiops*; and a single specimen of the very common fly *Eristalis vulpinus* hovered over us, and settled on a dry stone in the middle of the tiny stream; and this identical feat he persevered in for at least fifty times; at last I caught him in my bag-net, reasoned with him on the risk he ran, and throwing him up in the air, was amused to see him peltle again on the very same stone.

The sight, or even the vivid remembrance of particular spots, brings to mind almost invariably particular conversations which have occurred there. I well recollect a remarkable instance of this. I travelled outside a coach, a journey of about thirty-five miles, with a most agreeably talkative companion, and returned to London with eleven other outsiders, but perfectly alone. Well, every morsel of the conversation was brought to mind at the precise place at which it had been uttered. In the present instance, the very circumstance of writing in this chit-chat way about the streamlet on the Black Mountain recalls more forcibly to my mind a remarkable history which was related on the spot by the grouse shooter; it was the history of the Dragon of Mordiford, and will range more properly further on. I will entitle a chapter "Legends of Luggie."

The tale was told; the Insect-Hunter and his companions resumed their way and their occupation, and walked on and on over the almost interminable mountain, leaving the heights of Maesmawr, with their snow-filled dingles, far to the right.

We noticed frogs of an enormous size, exceeding by more than one half any I have seen elsewhere; the colours on their backs were peculiarly varied and vivid, and beneath they were beautifully red. *Elater cupreus*

abounded occasionally on tufts of long grass which marked the presence of some little spring. There was no butterfly of any rarity from one end of the mountain to the other; abundance of the little *Pamphilus*, and occasionally a specimen of *Napi*, were all that we saw. *Geometra atemaria* was flying in great abundance; and *Dolerus niger* was on every blade of grass. The surface of the mountain became dry and solid as we advanced, without pools or springs, occasionally without heath, and with scarcely any vegetation, the ground being strewn with loose stones. Under these we hunted for beetles, but without success.

A magnificent valley, the Vale of Ewias, was now opening before us, and the beautiful and abrupt rock with which it terminates became distinctly visible; at last, about five o'clock in the afternoon, we looked down on the giant ruins of Llanthony, the hoped-for haven in which to obtain food and rest. We found the descent most wearisome and tedious; at last, with slipping, and sliding, and tumbling, I grew quite disheartened, and sat down; when, lo and behold, the effect was like a ship-launch,—off I went as a vessel from the stocks; and, seeing my advantage, I held my legs clear of the ground, waved my insect-net in the air, and trusting to chance for a rudder, proceeded with incredible rapidity, cheered by the diminishing shouts of my receding companions. The turf of this slope is short and smooth, but abounds rather too much with a species of thistle (called, I believe, *Cardus acutis*), to be very comfortable for this mode of progression.

When my companions at last reached me, I was catching *Melilotus Euphrasie* in a beautiful meadow enamelled with flowers—a meadow which extended to the very walls of Llanthony.

Llanthony is one of those speaking monuments of the olden time, that assure us not only of the wealth but of the taste of the Romish church in days that are by-gone. It stands in the very bosom of the Black Mountain, the enormous and rounded masses of which rise on its every side. Luckily this beautiful spot has no road approaching it sufficiently macadamised to admit the passage of the luxurious vehicle of the opulent ruin-hunter; it is not, therefore, and never can be, the rage of the tourist. Few, very few, have seen it; few, very few, know of its existence. A portion of the Abbey is converted into an inn: what was, perchance, a buttery is now a kitchen; and what was a jovial lay brother is now (if Pythagoras conjectures rightly) a jovial landlord, the incarnation of mirth and good humour; he may, perhaps, have passed the years intervening between the states of priest and pub-

lean as a fox, a bee, and a raven, being all the time a free wanderer over the scenes in which he still delights. He spread the table for the Insect-Hunter and his friends. The venison pasty, the brown ale, the sack, and the henish, were produced and despatched; at least, let me say, viands and diluents which stood in the stead of these. Then the party rose, and leaving the buttery, entered the grand, but roofless hall; they passed along its whole length in silence, and beneath that spacious arch they turned to gaze upon its beauty. The moon was up, and threw an unclouded blaze of light into the interior, silvering the velvet turf, which now, instead of marble, floored the hall. They stood silently in the black shadow of the arch—and their silence was expressive—it told how deeply they were impressed with the beauty of the scene.

There is something far more satisfying in the silent gaze of admiration, even though in the presence of those whose voices and whose words have at other times delighted us, than in the most appropriate expressions talent could devise, or feeling suggest.

That evening sounds of revelry were heard within the walls of Llanthony. There was the jovial landlord with his fiddle, on which instrument, by the way, he excelled. There was his spouse, fair, fat, and forty, or perhaps a trifle more. There was Theophilus, a graceful being, that seemed to have dropped amongst them from the clouds. There was a minor female help, altogether Welsh, with long hair, that appeared totally untempt. There was a gamekeeper and grouse preserver,—a man of the mountain,—who was at first half suspicious of our appearance, for the which I cannot much blame him, for I never saw three honest travellers equipped in more poacher-like apparel. After awhile the way to this man's heart was discovered, and he was jovial, and his songs were loud and tuneful. There were two others under this man's authority, and one male help, an *attaché* of the establishment. There were, moreover, the grouse-shooter, the cynophobist, and the insect-hunter; in all, eleven souls. But the human beings were not the only inhabitants of Llanthony; there were six fox-dogs, the finest creatures imaginable, long-legged, wiry-haired, fawn-coloured, slim-tailed, bright-eyed, half-reasoning brutes, that Edwin Landseer would have been proud to paint; and there were three thoroughbred pointers, that Cooper (entomological Cooper) would have gloried in; besides sundry cats, which, like ghosts, wandered about unnoticed by the dogs. The poor cynophobist, from the praiseworthy desire to be social, dovetailed an occasional half-score words into the conversation, or delivered himself of an apology for a laugh, whenever the landlord was unusually face-

tions; but he was evidently in purgatory and trembled for my safety, in addition to his own, when he beheld a fox-dog resting his wiry nose in my lap, while another, with sparkling eyes, his forefeet on my knees, was asking for every monthful that I ate.

It was late ere we retired; and then the winding staircase lighted by loop-holes, the quaint bed-rooms, the deep-latticed gothic windows in the massive walls, had so many charms and attractions, and the moon continued to shine for hours so very brightly, that the Insect-Hunter slept not till morning was far advanced; and when at last sleep did come, he was employed in swinging censers, kneeling to crucifixes, confessing sinners, or regaling his palate with the most exquisite graying, and quaffing the delicious wines of Germany in the cool and well-appointed cellars of Llanthony. Oh may Llanthony never become common! may it never, like the banks of Niagara, re-echo the cries—"good cigars, ginger pop, and soda water!"

'Twas morning,—all was stir and bustle, the incessant bleating of mountain sheep, brought to be washed in the river, and crying to their larks, now unable to recognise their mothers in their cleanliness, was unutterably wearisome: then the bay of the fox-dogs, the cheering of the huntsman, and the occasional blast of his horn, called forth the echoes of every mountain, which, reverberating from side to side, seemed as though they never would be still. Alas, what labour after consistency have those to undergo whose writings are the result of imagination! Which of them all would dare to couple the Mid-summer sheep-shearing and the hunting of foxes? yet these are continuous at Llanthony. Foxes at Llanthony are "animals of so base a nature that the law will not protect them at any season:" they are hunted to the death; the object, though never to be accomplished, is their extermination. The dogs used in the chase are of prodigious speed—they almost equal greyhounds; and, in a few hundred yards, will run down any fox, if they have a fair start. The foxes burrow in the almost perpendicular cliffs of the mountains, which are often completely honey-combed with their holes; when they reach these the hunt is over, and the fox secure.

It is difficult to take leave of Llanthony, but my readers are tired, and I will "move on." The wanderers are again a-foot; they turn their faces northward, and pursue the course of the Honddu, the beautiful rivulet that used in the olden time to furnish graying to the gastrological monks. The Honddu is a little, fretful mountain stream; its voice was ever in our ears; it was the companion of our way for seven miles; sometimes its channel was big enough for a mighty river; its rocky banks, many hun-

dred yards apart, and rising fifty feet on either side, covered with versicolorous lichens, and in the crevices affording a lodgment to graceful and most luxuriant ferns. Nothing could exceed the beauty of some spots, where the cold, lichen-stained rocks bore at every ledge where a handful of soil would rest, a bunch of feathery fern, which was incessantly in motion, and on their summit a crest of delicate and graceful birch. Generally, however, the banks of the Honddu slope gradually to the stream; they are often cultivated for the distance of a full mile on either side, and appear to produce excellent grass; it was now ready to cut, and every field was enamelled with flowers. It would be impossible in such a walk as this for the Insect-Hunter not to meet with success; box after box was filled till it would hold no more; and then proceeding at a better pace, the travellers at last emerged from the ravine, where the stream is no longer capable of yielding its tribute to man, and was therefore untouched by his hands, and trickled over the barren and rugged side of the mountain; there they sat down and drank of its crystal waters, and rested awhile from their labours. Then they turned northward through the Bwichey-finget, and wandered on under the heights of Cusop, till they found a hospitable home at Ehydyadyway, the residence of the brother of the grouse-shooter.

Retrospective Gleanings.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—If we examine things rightly, we have no reason to be grieved for those worldly goods which we lose. Nay, it is certain, in the rectitude of reason, we cannot lose at all; for what is it we can lose, which properly we can call our own? If one lend me a jewel to wear, shall I, because I use it, say it is my own; or when my friend requires it again, shall I say I have lost it?—No, I will restore it rather. Though we are pleased that we are trusted with the borrowed things of this life, we ought not to be displeased when the Almighty calls for what he had but lent us. He does us no injury that takes but his own; and he pleads an unjust title against heaven that repines at what the Almighty resumes. It was, doubtless, such a consideration as this, that made Zeno, when he had been shipwrecked, only to applaud fortune, and say, she had done honestly in only reducing him to his coat. Shall God afford us, all our life long, not only food, but feasting; not for use, but ornament; not for necessity alone, but pleasure; and when, at last, he withdraws, shall we be passionate and melancholy. If in the blackness of the night, one by acci-

dent allows me the benefit of his light to walk by, shall I quarrel with him if he brings me not home? I ought to thank him for a little, which he did not owe me, but never to be angry that he affords not more. In all losses, I would consider what I have lost, and have regard to what I have left; it may be in my loss I may find a benefit: I may be rid with it of a trouble, a snare, or danger. If it be wealth, perhaps there was a time when I had it not; and if I lived well before I had it, what should hinder me from doing so now? It is a thousand to one but some other did lose those riches which I possessed before: I found them, and it is not unlikely but some other will find them; now I have lost them; and though, perhaps, I may have lost a benefit, yet thereby I may be eased of a cumberance. In most things of this nature, it is the opinion of the loss, more than the loss, that vexes. If yet the only prop of my life were gone, I might rather wonder that in so many storms, I rid so long with that one single anchor, than now, at last, it should break and fail me. When war had taken all from Stilpo, and Demetrius asked him how he could brook so vast a desolation, he answered, that he had lost nothing; his virtue, prudence, and justice still were with him; these were matters permanent and immortal: as for the others, it was no wonder that those things which were perishable should perish. In the next place, let me look to what I have left. Ho that fails once, will husband what is left the better: what I have is made more precious by the want of what I once was owner of. If I have lost but little, let me be thankful that I lost no more, seeing the remainder was as fitting as that which is gone: but admit that it were all that is gone; a man hath hope still left; and he may as well hope to recover the things he hath lost, as he did to acquire them when he had them not: this will lead him into a new magazine, where he cannot deny but he may be supplied with advantage: God will be left still; and who can be poor, who hath him for his friend, that hath all. W. G. C.

British Colonies.

LOWER CANADA.

It is interesting to turn from the "scarred face" of the Old World, and to view the hopes and prospects of infant colonization in New Countries. There mighty rivers may have flowed on for ages; forests may have grown up into dense luxuriance, in one vast solitude, unbroken by the foot-fall of civilized man. A few years since, such were the character and aspect of the regions in which lies the scene of the annexed Engraving.

The Eastern Townships of Lower Canada



(Woolen Manufactory, Sherbrooke, Lower Canada.)

include a beautiful and fertile tract of country, lying inland, between Quebec and Montreal, on the south side of the river St. Lawrence. This district, comprising five to six millions of acres, is divided into eight counties, and about 100 townships; of which considerable grants have been made to the British American Land Company, incorporated in the year 1834, and who have, for sale, lands in every part of this section of Canada. The Company's principal establishment is at Sherbrooke,* the capital of the Eastern Townships, situated on the river St. Francis, at its junction with the St. Lawrence, and within 100 miles distance from the cities of Quebec and Montreal, the grand shipping ports of the province. We find the changes already effected by the operations of the Company thus described in the *Quebec Mercury*:—"Emigrants from the old country, men possessed of sufficient capital, retired officers of the navy and military services, and many sturdy yeomen not deficient in means, have purchased farms, either from the Company, or from the first settlers, who had made some improvements upon them; and were induced to sell out and seek a new location in the wilderness, because like the American backwood hunters, described in one of Cooper's novels, they found themselves pinched when they could see the smoke of another man's chimney from the door of their own cabin."

* Named from Sir John Coape Sherbrooke, appointed Governor General of Canada in 1816.

These men are principally of that class who have acted as pioneers in the wilderness throughout this continent, and having subdued the forest, and brought the land into that sort of rough cultivation sufficient to supply their wants, are seldom unwilling, if a fair consideration be offered, to abandon the cleared land and the buildings they have erected, (emphatically termed their *betterments*;) to a substantial and more settled class of farmers; and again to march into the bush to hew out a new estate, far from the abode of man and better adapted to the half-civilized habits of these men of the woods, who are now fast disappearing from the township, and giving way to the classes we have above described. Some, however, of the early settlers from the United States, have farms and establishments which may vie in extent, and all the necessary comforts and conveniences, with any we have seen occupied by the agriculturists in either province."

Sherbrooke is divided into two portions by the river Magog, which here tumbles and foams into the St. Francis through a chasm. Across the Magog is a large wooden bridge, and another is building over the St. Francis on the American plan, covered in from the weather. The town contains several well-built houses, mostly of brick; three places of worship, namely, Episcopal, Dissenting, and Roman Catholic; the Court-house, and Gaol of the district; the County Register Office; a classical academy, and a com-

clous inn, and a printing-office, at which a weekly newspaper, the *Farmer's Advocate*, is published. Grist and saw-mills, belonging to the Company, have been for some time in operation, as also the woollen factory above represented, which was built by a Mr. Goodhue, and has been purchased by the Company, who have increased the head of water, by enlarging the dam. It is a spacious building, well supplied with machinery for manufacturing strong woollen clothes, similar to those made in Yorkshire and Westmoreland. For example, much of the grey cloth worn by the farmers of Lower Canada is manufactured here.

The advantages of Sherbrooke as a manufacturing town are very great; the water-power being applicable to mills and machinery to almost any extent. Being the seat of the government of the district, where the Courts of Justice are held, and where other public business is transacted, Sherbrooke is a place of general resort from the neighbouring country; which, to the north, towards Lake Huron, and to the south, towards Compton, is thickly settled, and includes a large number of respectable families from Great Britain. Sherbrooke too is situated in the centre of a rich and extensive territory, combining great agricultural and grazing capabilities: an annual cattle-show is already established.

Of the town of Sherbrooke we find the following details in *The (Canada) Times* of November 30, 1836, from the pen of Mr. William Bennett, who has recently made an exploratory excursion through the Eastern Townships:

"Here are several good shops, called stores; a watch-maker, with a splendid shop; a saddler and harness maker; a cabinet-maker, coach, gig, and cart maker, &c. &c. There is only one baker in the town, but the tide of emigration has been such of late that he has been obliged to bake three times a day; the price of his bread is 4 lbs. for 10d. White Smiths, blacksmiths, braziers, shoemakers, tailors, masons, and bricklayers, house carpenters, &c. are all to be had in this neighbourhood; but many more are required, together with millers and millwrights. Tradesmen's wages rate from 5s. to 7s. 6d. a day. The cloth factory has been worked, but it is at present undergoing further enlargements and improvements; the whole will be in full operation next season. Both the cloth factory and the iron foundry are on as extensive a scale as many in England. It would be useless for me to attempt anything like a correct statement of the number of houses and inhabitants in this place, as both are increasing rapidly; there are several new houses in progress, and preparations making for the erection of many others. There is a very extensive hotel nearly completed, which will accom-

modate two or three hundred persons—the dimensions are 80 by 52 feet—it is three stories high, with verandas round each story, and a wing of 44 by 26 feet. Few inns in the interior of England or Ireland equal it in point of extent and commodiousness; it was to be fully completed in October.

"During my stay here, numbers of emigrants arrived almost every day from Port St. Francis, and carts and wagons are constantly on the road between the two places, laden with women, children, and luggage; the men walk the distance in about two days. All the labouring classes get constant employment from the Land Company at 4s. 3d. a day, to find themselves; and 2s. 6d. if supplied with food. Many tradesmen are employed at the Company's works. Good mowers get 5s. a day.

"A new line of road is commenced being surveyed by the same men, from Quebec to Sherbrooke, passing over the new bridge over the St. Francis, so that there will be daily conveyance by land between the two places. Another line of road from Sherbrooke to Montreal, through the Townships, is also in progress, and after a little time the coaches will arrive every evening from these two great shipping ports, and one will leave Sherbrooke for each of the above places. At present a coach leaves every morning for Port St. Francis, and another arrives every day (Sundays excepted). A coach arrives three times a week from Montreal, passing through Lennoxville, Compton, Stanstead, and returns the three succeeding days to that place. I paid three dollars a-week, about 13s. sterling, at the hotel at Sherbrooke, for board, lodging, and attendance; and at a tavern about half a mile out of town on the Lennoxville and Compton road, I understand the charge is only two dollars a-week. Beef and mutton are from 3d. to 4d. per lb.; wheat, (getting scarce), 7s. 6d. per bushel. Bricks are made here in great abundance; the present price is 25s. currency per thousand. Board is five dollars per thousand at the mills.

Manners and Customs

TRAVELLING IN TURKEY.

By Dr. A. Bond.

There are three kinds of passports in Turkey, the *teskere*, a simple passport; the *diwan*, of a somewhat higher class; and the *firman*, which is obtained through the traveller's ambassador from the Sultan, and is called great firman. The firman gives the right to have a *Tartar* (a travelling companion) and protection. These *Tartars* are employed to carry the letters and orders, &c., of the government: they have a particular dress, consisting of a dark, violet-coloured, short coat,

a kind of short petticoat open before, blue Turkish trousers, large boots, partly covered on the upper part with ornamented, woollen stockings, and the red, high, Turkish cap. They form a particular corporation, which is much respected; and they are all inscribed in a book, and distributed over the whole empire, at the residence of every pacha. There they live in a house set apart for themselves, called *Tartar-han*. As they are thoroughly acquainted with European Turkey, they find friends wherever they go; and their being armed with pistols and a long hanger, always insures them respect, so that the traveller may rely on them with confidence.

They are, in general, a good sort of people; and though drinking a good deal of brandy, are always sober when on the road, and only intemperate when arrived at the end of their journey, or when they have plenty of money, and are in a large town.

Their pay is pretty high, being ten francs a day; besides which the traveller has to pay for their return, and for post-horses, at the rate of one piastre, or five French sous for every hour; but as a post-boy, called *sarudja*, is required for bringing back the horses, the traveller has in reality to pay for two horses; a third is taken *gratis*, in case one should die on the road. The Tartar, when on duty, is always galloping, with his whip in his hand, ready to strike the horse of the *sarudja*, or that person himself if lazy.

As the Tartars are sober, and live chiefly on onions, garlic, eggs, fowls, lamb, and milk, nobody, I think, before the inexperienced Quin,* was foolish enough to conclude a bargain with one for travelling, and the eating on the road. What would a naturalist do with a Tartar, always galloping, and travelling at night. If you make a proper bargain, then the Tartar is like one of your own servants, and does what you wish; although he never mixes with the servants, and dines alone, to show that he is greater than they. His title is *Tartara*, a diminutive of *Tartaraga*, or Mr. Tartar. In several pachaliks, they may be hired at a lower rate, even for four or five francs a day, especially when they are old, or out of service.

The great firman has another advantage, in giving the right to be put into private lodgings by the Turkish commanders in villages, as well as in towns. Now in Turkey there exist a great number of isolated inns, called *han*, or when in small villages *vey-Ahan*. In such inns, the traveller generally finds every possible comfort, if he can adapt himself to oriental customs, and is travelling during summer. They have large, open galleries, which may be used as drawing-room and sleeping-room, and, sometimes, apartments clean enough to please even an European, together with the necessary provisions.

* Quin, author of a Voyage down the Danube.

In the towns and large villages, the inns are often crowded with people; they have narrow courtyard or garden, and even, sometimes, no large gallery; so that the traveller is obliged to eat and sleep in the same room with others; and it is, therefore, of great consequence to get a private lodging. The traveller, on arriving, either goes at once to the pacha or Turkish commander, or sends him a Tartar to him; and is immediately lodged in a house, which generally belongs to a Christian. The Christians are so much accustomed to this regulation, that many have most part of their residence allotted expressly for foreigners, to prevent their seeing their families or wives. There the traveller orders what he likes, and pays as at an inn; or, if the people are rich, gives the women a present of some pieces of money. Also, if he calls on the pacha as a mark of civility, then latter will, perhaps, have the politeness to send him a dinner from his own kitchen, and hay for the horses, or defray the expense of the post-horses. At all events, he will order one of his inferior officers to conduct the foreigner wherever he chooses, and to watch over his safety. In a very short time, the whole city becomes aware that the stranger is a friend of the pacha, and, far from annoying him, all treat him with every possible respect. In getting a private lodging, one should take care that the house be inhabited; for, sometimes, rich Christians, who dislike such visits, go away from their houses, and leave the traveller without any assistance for making the necessary arrangements for dinner or supper. When this happens, a second call on the pacha, or his *lingi*, or alterego, or sometimes even a civil word to the officer in attendance, will be sufficient to attain the object.

Lastly, as the great firman specifies the object of the traveller, which is not the case with the *tesheré*, it inspires the Turks with perfect confidence. The foreigner goes to the pacha, Musselin, or Ayan commanding in the city, takes with him his Tartar, and presents his firman to the pacha, who receives it with respect, or even kisses it, and reads it over in a low tone of voice, after which comes the coffee, and the *tachikak* or pipe; and then is the time for the traveller to ask the pacha for what he wants to forward his journey; horses, guards, hay, barley, or information about the road. Physical instruments, the collecting of plants and minerals, and even drawing, are things which are quite new to the Turks, as well as to the Christian Turks, so that it is necessary to show in the firman to the people, the strongest proofs that one does nothing contrary to the laws of the Sultan. We should also take care to hide nothing from the people. Every experiment or piece of business must be done openly, and one must always be ready to answer

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questions. The plants and minerals should be for medical purposes, and for discovering mines; the physical instruments for determining the nature of the climate and the like. No drawing should be made of a Turk when in the presence of the foreigner, without his express permission. The secluding one's self in a room, or endeavouring to lock it up, only tends to excite suspicion. In Turkey, the traveller must not pay any attention to people who come into his room from curiosity; the less he attends to them the sooner they will go away. Besides, it is not the fashion to lock up doors as in Europe, and nobody would dare to take the least thing belonging to a traveller, especially to one with a Tatar. Excepting in the great, maritime towns and the Greek towns, small robberies are unknown in Turkey. When the Turks do rob, it is with arms in their hand, on the highway; indeed, it cannot be otherwise in a country where the doors do not shut, and the windows are of paper, with wooden frames. Even the shops are locked in a very miserable manner; and the shop-keeper often goes away, leaving nobody to watch his goods, as the peasant leaves his house with the door open. Bankers have their money in trunks, which are not fastened to the floors or walls, and in wooden houses which could be very easily broken into. The only things which are apt to bring the traveller into scrapes are, disliking to answer questions, treating people, especially Turks, with contempt or haughtiness, exciting their jealousy, or giving vent to angry feelings. The Turk talks little; it is difficult to make him angry; but when he is so, he is very passionate.

In Turkey, many roads are impracticable for carriages; and only a few are good enough for European carriages; it is, therefore, the custom to travel on horseback, the ladies occasionally travelling alone, in bad wagons. The trunks of the traveller are put on a second horse, furnished with a *senér*, or pack saddle, made of wood, with knobs to which ropes are attached. I found short, leathern trunks the most convenient, and ropes with iron hooks at the ends would probably render the packing more expeditious. The chief difficulty is to distribute the luggage, so that there may be an equal weight on each side of the saddle. Where this cannot be done, the people sometimes use stones as a counterpoise; but this contrivance is apt to spoil the trunks. The price of horses in Turkey is from 80 to 100 or 125 francs; for which last sum a good riding horse may be bought. Their keep costs per day from 10 to 13 sous, and in large towns from 15 to 16 sous.

The horses are fed chiefly on barley; and the pack-horses retain their pack-saddle night and day. The horses often lie out in

the open air. It is necessary to have for each a woollen cloth, and a bag made of horse-hair, from which they may eat their barley. It is also necessary to have a servant for each pack-horse, or at least two servants for three horses, especially at the beginning of a journey; as otherwise, the horses not being accustomed to each other, the caravan is apt to get into disorder. Servants are not expensive in Turkey, and for that reason every traveller has some. The Servish or Turkish servants are probably the best; but the traveller must always remember that those people are not accustomed to such activity as our servants. They live far worse, but work less. The usual monthly wages of a servant are 25, 30, or forty francs; if he has his own horse, he is paid 40 or 50 francs; if not, the traveller must get a horse for him, or hire post-horses.

The first plan is preferable, as horses are always easily sold for at least half price; and in coming from the north, they will sell in the south for their original price. A servant's living may be estimated at less than one franc a day. It is essential that one of the servants should know something of cookery; and also all, or nearly all, should speak the Turkish, Servian, or Bulgarian languages. In visiting Greece, a Greek servant becomes necessary. If a number of servants are taken, I would recommend a German or Hungarian one, as knowing the mode of living of European gentlemen, he would be useful in directing the others. Old German soldiers, accustomed to a hard life, would also be found of service; but fashionable servants should never be taken. If the traveller does not understand oriental languages, he must have an interpreter, or, at least, use one of his servants as such. Such men are easily to be found at Constantinople, Bucharest, Belgrade, Salonichi, &c.

In regard to the money to be taken, Austrian money, even the paper-money, will do for the whole of Servia; but in Turkey, one loses on the Austrian money, and it is therefore necessary to take golden thalers, of the value of five francs, or the large Turkish talars, which is only half that value, or five piastres. I need scarcely recommend prudence as regards carrying too much money, or showing it openly. The best plan is to have circular letters of credit on all the chief mercantile towns; and these should be written, not only in an European language, but also in Greek and Servian.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Why is a woman who comes into the room in a great bustle like asbestos?—Because she's incombustible (in come bustible.)

When is a compliment like a skylark?—When it is high-flown.

Spirit of Discovery.

NEW FACTS REPORTED TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Cow-fish—River Cow.—A paper was read by Dr. John Hancock, containing remarks on the Cow-fish, River Cow, (*Meneles furcata*).

The animal was only now found in the lake far away from the European settlements, and the name chosen for it was very inappropriate. Some authors asserted that the animal frequently weighed 8,000 lbs., and measured 28 feet in length, but he (Dr. Hancock) having seen many, and examined them, thought they very seldom exceeded 600 lbs. in weight, and 6 feet in length. The flesh of the animal is very good, very much resembling veal, very easy of digestion, and the soup made from it was delicious; the flesh would also keep wholesome without salt for many months. The bones were highly esteemed by the natives, and when taken in a powder were very beneficial in complaints of the kidneys. It was also believed to bellow like a bull, and to fight desperately on some occasions. It moved through the water with great rapidity, not, however, by moving the tail laterally, as other fish, but horizontally, up and down. It had been asserted that this animal could not live on shore, but this he doubted, as it was unable to breathe like a fish, the respirative organs being nearly the same as those of terrestrial animals, and it was, therefore, obliged to come to the surface to respire, and always slept with its nose above water, under some shielding bank. Indeed, nature seemed to have placed it in an element which it was not fitted to; it was unable both to breathe and procure food under water, and it was thought that had it legs to walk on shore it would abide there. It was also suggested, that it would be desirable to find pasturage for these animals connected with small pools of water, and thus droves of the sea cow might be found; and a case was instanced of a sea cow being kept in a small lake in one of the West Indian Islands for 26 years, which became as tame as to be pleased with the human voice, to come when called, and to swim across the lake with children on its back, without plunging beneath the surface of the water. The upper part of the body approximated to the human form; and the posterior to the fish, and when it rose out of the water to gather food from the banks, it had much the appearance of what is called the mermaid, and from it, probably, the fables of mermaids and the tritons originated; particularly as the Indians usually had painted on the sterns of their canoes a figure similar to that which the cow

fish presented when in the position described, which they styled "the man of the water."

Clearness of the Sky at the Cape of Good Hope.—Sir William Hamilton read a letter recently received from Sir John Herschel, at the Cape of Good Hope, giving an account of the progress of his observations on the nebulae of that part of the southern hemisphere, a description of several of which he had forwarded to Professor Schumacher, for insertion in his *Astronomical Ephemeris*.

As an instance of the clearness of the sky, it was stated by an observer that in fifty-two successive days there were only three in which he could not see Venus in broad day light; and Sir John Herschel stated that he had also written a letter by the light of a eclipse of the moon. Under these circumstances, the starry heavens presented a brilliancy of which the inhabitants of the northern hemisphere can have no conception; the line from Orion to Antinous being remarkably rich and brilliant, appearing as a continuous blaze of light, with, however, a few patches of the sky destitute of stars. The Magellanic clouds were described as curious objects, differing from other nebulae apparently in the greater degree of condensation of the stars of which they were composed. He had also observed several planetary nebulae, the appearance of some of which gave him at first the idea that they were real planetary bodies; and it was not until after he had observed one several times that he could divest himself of the idea that he had discovered a new planet more inclined than that of Pallas.

The Public Journals.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(Continued from page 31.)

When we perused the book, we had formed a most inadequate conception of the amount of drudgery to which Goldsmith submitted after he had come to be the established favourite of the public—filling after all a place only second to Johnson, even in the pages of Boswell. A mere list of the works which Mr. Prior affiliates on him, by the sure evidence of his own and his booksellers' accounts and receipts, would fill several of our pages, and prove incontestably that he who, had no biographers told his personal story, would probably have passed with posterity for some gay lounge who diverted his leisure by half-a-dozen brilliant master pieces, was in truth the most diligent slave that ever toiled in the mill of Grub-street. It is true that even in the execution of tasks so unworthy of him, he displayed—he could not but display—occasional flashes of the genius which shines clear and unbroken in the unforced effusions

of his happier hours; but the consolation is a sad one; indeed, the more varied the evidence of his genius, the more melancholy must be our regret for its perversion.

He went through all this sort of labour, no doubt, with far greater ease to himself than will ever attend the penman incapable of higher things. His MSS., of which Mr. Prior has examined many, confirm Bishop Percy's statement that "his sweet prose flowed from him with such happy facility that sometimes there was hardly a correction from the beginning to the end of a quire." Even in his case, however, this was, and could only have been, the result of much discipline; and sweet as the prose is which he could at length produce with such rapidity, we must not think that it would stand comparison with that over which he passed and re-passed at intervals a cool eye and a correcting pen. The curious felicitas of such apparently effortless narrative as we have in *The Rival* is a thing of another class. No man kept his verses longer, by him, and retouched them with more anxious carefulness than Goldsmith; and could he have done as he liked with his prose, we may be sure he could have bestowed corresponding attention upon it all. He used to say that he owed his early ambition of neat and elegant execution to a rebuke which a drowsy school-boy's liver pointed him from his elder brother. "Dear Oliver," Henry's answer began, "the less you have to say, there is the more reason that you should try to say it well." And how faithfully he followed the dictates of necessity in abstaining from revision of his larger works for the press, may be gathered from a casual expression of his to a young gentleman of fortune, who showed him a MS. towards the close of his life. The sheets were covered with interlineations and minute amendments. "Ah!" said Goldsmith, "while you can take all this pains to do yourself justice, think of me, that must write a volume every month."

We are not, however, to confound with the humber productions of Goldsmith the "Letters on English History, from a Nobleman to his Son"—the question as to the authorship of which has at last been settled by Mr. Prior. The clap-net title-page had full effect, and these admirable letters, at first ascribed to Lord Chesterfield and subsequently to Lord Lyttelton, were never disowned by the latter nobleman, and still go by his name. Our biographer, however, has easily proved, from the publisher's books, that they were wholly Goldsmith's, and encloses also a note of Bishop Percy, in which he describes Goldsmith as laughing at the title-page at the time, but adding that he hoped this book would live. It has lived, and will continue to do so. Within such compass so equally clear, comprehen-

sive, and instructive survey of our annals ever has been, or is ever likely to be, written.*

Goldsmith wrote it in 1764, at a widow's house at Islington, where he had taken a lodging near the country residence of his friend Newbery, who settled with the good woman quarterly, exactly as if the author had been in a condition of pupillage. Mr. Prior does not disdain to quote several of their accounts from which it appears that Goldsmith's board and lodging cost £24 per quarter; that his extra expenses were quite trivial; and that the landlady, from the regard she soon conceived for him, allowed him now and then to invite a poor brother-author to dinner, without making any claim for his entertainment. When wine was produced, which did not happen above once or twice in a month, Goldsmith was charged 1s. 6d. per bottle, and no one evening is burdened with two bottles. His usual beverage in this retreat was a slight decoction of *sassafras*, "which had at that time a fashionable reputation as a purifier of the blood;" and his supper was uniformly a dish of boiled milk. Except when he went to dine in town on Fridays, with *The Club*, such was his simple fare. He read in the morning certain chapters of *Carte*, *Rapin*, &c., strolled away into the fields to arrange his reflections, came home to his early dinner, and then sat down to write for the evening. His chief amusement seemed to be playing with the children, who had always free access to his only room, and teaching the dog to beg. Whenever he had done enough of the letters to keep the press a-going for a day or two, he turned to some child's book for his employer; and if the author of *Caleb Williams*, himself long a children's book-seller, was not misinformed, one of these *opera subterfuga* was the tale of "Goody Two-Shoes."

Goldsmith made two attempts to escape from this mode of existence. He drew up a memorial to the prime-minister, suggesting that if a competently qualified traveller were provided with the means of spending three or four years in the East, he might bring back some useful practical hints as to mechanical arts, and especially some chemical secrets serviceable to our manufactures; and tendered his own services for such an expedition. Lord Bute appears to have taken no notice of his application. Johnson's sarcastic observation, "that if Goody had gone he would probably have brought back a harrow or a hand-lawn," is condemned by Mr. Prior as unjustly severe; but he has nothing to say as to a subsidiary point in Goldsmith's programme, which related to transcribing the sculptured characters of what are called the

* One of the daily journals, much to be at variance and credit, drew largely from these letters during the agitation of the Reform Bill. A new edition of them was in consequence called for, and, we believe, rapidly disposed of.

Written Mountains. Goldsmith was ignorant of all the living as well as dead tongues of the East; and neither he, nor any other man, could ever guess to what language those mysterious inscriptions might belong. It has been reported that he received soon after an invitation to write for the ministry, and that being, though on principle a Tory, old and wise enough to shrink from the tumults of partisanship, he at once declined any such service; but Mr. Prior leaves this matter much in the dark. The other attempt was, once more to establish himself in his profession in London. This occurred in June, 1765, and was, it is said, advised strongly by Sir Joshua Reynolds. He took apartments in the Temple, hired a man-servant, (a Patlander of course,) and appeared suddenly metamorphosed into "a smart physician, with a professional wig and cane, purple silk small-clothes, and a scarlet toquelaire buttoned to the chin, charged in his tailor's bill at four guineas and a half;" but imposing as was this attire, it earned the Doctor more jests than fees, and he soon retreated again to his Islington lodging and Goody Two-shoes. He ever afterwards, however, retained his chambers in the Temple (No. 2, Brick Court, up two pair of stairs). His subsequent works were produced partly here and partly in different country lodgings—and here he died.

The next of Goldsmith's classical works was the comedy of *The Good-natured Man*, which Garrick declined, and which the rival manager, Colman, was with much difficulty persuaded to risk upon the stage of Covent Garden. Its success justified Johnson's prognostic, and covered both managers with confusion.

We must leave untouched Mr. Prior's remarks on this comedy, and also his historical and critical chapters on the subsequent works which sustained and increased Goldsmith's reputation:—the *Hermit*; the *Deserted Village*, Mr. Prior's account of which will be particularly interesting to all Irish readers; the comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*; the admirable compendiums of Greek and Roman History; and the *View of Animated Nature*, which, as Johnson predicted, he had rendered "as interesting as a Persian tale," and which—though undertaken, unlike his novel and poems, with little higher ambition than that of earning a certain number of pounds—from the subject happily coinciding with the author's habitual tastes, engaged such a share of his better enthusiasm, that it is, in all respects, worthy to be ranked among the permanent monuments of his genius. This was the only one of Goldsmith's heavier exertions for which he received even a decent remuneration from the booksellers. For the eight volumes he got 800 guineas. His *Deserted Village* brought him only 100*l.*—the

same sum that Hannah More received about the same time for her worthless ballad, *Sir Eldred of the Bowser*. By his first comedy, between theatrical profits and copyright, he appears to have netted about 200*l.* Upon the whole, during the last eight brilliant years of his established fame and unwearied diligence, his income does not seem to have averaged more than from 300*l.* to 300*l.* His first biographer (the preface writer) speaks quite at random when he talks of his having made in one year, 1,800*l.*

But if poor Goldsmith had gained sums much larger than it ever entered his head to dream of, his open and reckless generosity would have prevented them from making him, at the end of any one of these years, a richer man than he had been at the beginning. He was, in truth, in his own exquisite expression, "a machine of pity." Mr. Prior, among numberless pretty anecdotes, tells one of his rising abruptly from a dinner table, and running out into the street to give all he had in his pocket to a ballad-singer. Some of the company observed and remarked on his lavish bountyfulness. "Oh," said he, "you were all saying this sung sweetly—but you did not perceive the misery of her notes." He was continually practised upon by fraudulent mendicants; the hour after he detected an impostor found him as ready as ever to be imposed upon; and his natural compassionateness, quickened, no doubt, by the remembrance of unrelieved distresses of his own, gave rise to the only bitter strain of sentiment that pervades his writings. His verse and his prose have very often for their burden, "Man's inhumanity to man."

Quarterly Review.

A PUBLIC DINNER.

(Abridged from the Monthly Magazine.)

Our taste does not often conduct us to great public dinners: the reason does not concern the world in general. Possibly we do not like the principle of these affairs: perhaps we do not like the dinners, but *à l'importe*; suffice it that such things are matter of novelty and curiosity to us:—they may be such also to some of our readers.

It happened that we lately received a ticket of admission to a grand commemorative festival at the celebrated Rosemons' Arms, or some such place (our memory is not exact in names), "tickets one guinea, wine included," for the benefit of a Charity. Curious to see how these things are managed in these our later days, we attended at the place and day appointed.

Upon inquiry of one of the many bustling gentlemen who hung about the entrance in white stockings and nursing a white towel under their arms, what might be the reason of this large congregation of the liege, he replied, shaking his napkin with a knowing

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alt, "Oh, sir, there is a grand dinner here to-day, as being the *Anniversary* of the foundation of the 'East London Dental Institution for drawing the Teeth of the Poor without a letter of recommendation;' and them's some of the *hobjects* oom'd to see their governors and benefactors." Rejoiced at the idea that we were about to eat and to drink for the benefit of the teeth of the poor people about Crutched Friars, Shoreditch, and Crucifix-lane, we desired to be shown immediately to the room where this admirable institution met.

Dinner commenced: the covers were removed. Great excitement prevailed. The cry for plates, dishes, glasses, knives, forks, soups, and double-stout was deafening. Wings of poultry flew about as if alive, corks were drawing with the regularity of platoon-firing. His must indeed have been an *abstracted* appetite who could eat in such a scene. The efforts we made at this critical juncture to rally our senses and to observe what was going on were prodigious, and we trust, praiseworthy; but withal they were unsuccessful. A few loose scraps were all we could gather. The conversation was at first very animated,—so much so, indeed, that six men within our own hearing committed the same new joke upon the occasion:—"Tongues are going very fast; those who want any should look sharp!" Here was one man taking a bird's eye view of the whole table, and fixing on a dish of poultry at the further end. His plenipotentiary takes ten minutes about the affair, mistakes his errand, and brings something else. Another embassy succeeds, and the result,—a drum-stick and a picked breast-bone. "How long have you sported epaulets, Thompson?" said some one to our little, fat figure of a man. "What do you mean,—ha, what's this?—white—grease—butter—melted butter—best coat! Waiter, how dare you spill melted butter over me?" "Me! sir—first time I've been this way; but I'll inquire who it was that really *done* it—sure to let you know, sir!" "Never mind, Thompson," said his friend, "have *see* arm put in—only twelve shillings—fun, sir, report!" "Fun!" said the indignant Thompson, "perhaps you would like a tureen-full of such fun!—And now—who's *see* my wine?" "Your wine, sir,—eh?—ten thousand pardons—really—mistake—your wine for mine. *Will* you do me the *interest* to help yourself from my bottle?" and the delinquent, by way of enforcing his invitation, carefully held his wine just one inch out of the ill-starred Thompson's reach. "Waiter!" said a young man in green spectacles, and a mouth drawn round like a *low*, "Waiter! you call this a pigeon-pie?" "Yes, sir," said the waiter, "Welly, then, bring me

some beef-steak pie, perhaps I shall find some pigeon in *that*."

In another part of the room, a loud voice inquired, "Is there any gentleman here of the name of O'Shaughnessy?"

A pause ensued. "Who is it wants the *gentleman*?" at last inquired a voice sweetened with a rich brogue.

"A middle-aged lady and three small children."

"Oh—there is no such gentleman here, I assure you," said the same voice, "and ye may tell her I say so."

"What name shall I give as my authority, sir?" inquired the waiter, amidst the laughter of the assembly.

"Why, by St. Patrick, who should it be even but Carrick O'Shaugh—botheration—get out with ye, Mr. Waiter!"—the rest of the dialogue, if any, was drowned in the roars of the table.

When the cloth was cleared, four gentlemen opposite to us—the vocalists—had the goodness to sing grace for the company in a Latin hymn.

"Gen'man—CHARGE YR GRASSES!" shouted the toastmaster in a voice which pale the cheek of our little chairman, and made the chandeliers quiver and the saddles gutter. Then came "THE KWEE!" and then *three-times-three*, attended with fresh quivering and guttering. Then was sung our national hymn, the first verse by a little boy standing on a chair, with curly hair and fat cheeks, and shouting and shrieking, and looking like a cherub in a jacket and frill.

"And what are you going to give us now, gentlemen?" inquired Thompson of the singers, after the health of the Queen had been drunk. But the singers did not condescend to reply, except by an expressive hint to him to be quiet, and, after pitching their voices, the whole party struck up the glee, "Sleep, gentle lady!"—but what affinity the song had to the preceding toast, we could not divine—for what men would be bold enough or blind enough to serenade our Gracious Queen?

About half an hour after dinner, dessert was put upon the table; that is, to every eight persons, a dish of six yellow olives, ditto of four biscuits, half-a-dozen oranges, and "a miscellaneous lot" of figs, prunes, almonds, and raisins; the figs looking like a composition of dirty sugar and soft soap, and the prunes being certainly cut out of leather. Be that as it may, five minutes saw the total discomfiture of the dessert, such as it was, soft soap, hard leather, and the whole *six* briny olives included.

The health of the chairman having been drunk, Mr. Chairman got on his legs (it was yet early in the evening), and emphatically declared, in a very small voice, that

this was the happiest day of his life. He would dis-bosom himself, he would tell them the fact! he had lost much in the service of their Society—much (but he would not boast)—and above all, he had sacrificed his precious health; but while he could meet them and hear their animated greetings, their good wishes for his prosperity and health, he should not regret the loss of either? Never—never—never! (Loud cheering, which continued some time; at the end of which Mr. Chairman, to the disappointment of his audience, still kept on his legs.) He would now advert to the subject nearest to their hearts—the CHARITY! (Hear, hear, rap, rap!) He would hazard a general assertion;—that of no other branch of the art of healing were the results so practically beneficial to humanity as that of the dentist. (Great excitement; Thompson, whose eyes had long been closed, opened one.) There was an honesty and plain-dealing in their mode of proceeding, which might be looked for in vain among the medical profession generally. They had no means of living upon an aching tooth; they could not obtain a life-interest in a set of mutilations. If there was roguery and humbug in the profession of medicine, and he did not stand there to deny it, the blame certainly did not lie with them. Let him be understood. "Far be it from me," he continued, "to cast a slur upon that science which, after our own, I have always most revered. I honour medicine, and I love its professors!" Mr. Chairman continued to speak at some length, and closed his eloquent discourse by proposing the health of the ladies who had honoured them with their presence that day.

All eyes were now turned to the ladies, and as many as could do so conveniently, stood up to do honour to the toast. Little Thompson, grasping the table firmly with one hand, got up, turned himself unfortunately the wrong way, and stood simpering and winking at the drums and trumpets in the opposite gallery. "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" cried the little man, when the toast was given, and swinging his glass, which he had forgotten to empty, round his head, he lodged its contents safely in the face of his neighbour, who was casting sheep's eyes through his spectacles at some dame in the distance.

Mr. Chairman now prepared to leave the chair; many of his friends had already left theirs without ceremony, having suddenly disappeared under the table. Thompson's red face was more flagrant than ever, and we left him in the vain attempt to direct the neck of an empty bottle to the mouth of his glass; while his neighbour was inveterately pouring out his wine upon a glass which some wag had turned upside down. Of the pale-faced man with the stoop, no vestige was to be seen, save his boots, which had

taken the vacant place on their master's chair.

The Gatherer.

Great Men.—At Hainton, there died in 1816, Samuel Sugars, aged fifty-two; and his body, with a single coffin, weighed fifty stone.

In 1754 died, Mr. Jacob Powell, of Stebbing, in Essex. His body was above five yards in circumference, and weighed five hundred and sixty pounds; requiring sixteen men to bear him to his grave.

In 1775, Mr. Spooner, of Skillington, near Tamworth, weighed, a short time before his death, forty stone and nine pounds, and measured four feet three inches across the shoulders.

Keyser mentions a young man in Lincoln, who ate eighteen pounds of beef daily, and died in 1724, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, weighing five hundred and thirty pounds.

A baker in Pye Corner weighed thirty-four stone, and would frequently eat a small shoulder of mutton, baked in his oven, and weighing five pounds; he, however, persisted for one year to live upon water-gruel and brown bread, by which he lost two hundred pounds of his bulk.

Mr. Collett, master of the Evesham Academy, weighed upwards of twenty-six stone. When twelve years old, he was nearly as large as at the time of his death. At two years of age, he required two nurses to lift him in and out of bed; one of whom, in a fit of anger, he felled to the floor with a blow of his hand.

At Trenaw, in Cornwall, there was a man, known by the name of Grant Chillcot, who weighed four hundred and sixty pounds; one of his stockings could contain six gallons of wheat.—*Dr. Milligan's Curiosities of Medical Experience.*

Conundrums for the New Year.

Why is the human race very good-natured?—Because they are man-kind and wotn-kind.

If you wished to buy a white horse where would you go for it?—The White Horse Cellar (seller.)

What club is most like a pair of snuffers?—The Pickwick.

Why is the best inn in England most disagreeable?—Because it's inconvenient.

What liquor is most catching?—Gin.

Why is the Thames a lazy river?—Because it's in bed all night and all day.—*Aye.*

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMEBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent to PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Haute St. Augustin.—In FRANKFORT, CHARLES JOUEL.